

THE  
CLAYTON/DEER PARK  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

# Mortarboard

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*The C/DPHS is an association of individuals dedicated to the preservation of the history of our community. To the preservation of the region's oral history, literary history, social history, graphic and pictorial history, and our history as represented by the region's artifacts and structures. To the preservation of this history for future generations. To the art of making this common heritage accessible to the public. And to the act of collaborating with other individuals and organizations sharing similar goals.*

## *In the Winter of '68 Moving to Yoke's New Store*

by  
*Rick Hodges*

Each year, as we arrive near the end, the days between Christmas, 1968, and New Years Day come to my mind. That winter started pretty normal, with the first snow around the middle of November. At Christmas we had just a few inches, enough to make it a white Christmas, but pretty normal. I had returned to Deer Park in October after having been discharged from the Navy. While idling away time until I could start classes at Spokane Community College in January, I was working once again for Chuck Yoke, running cash registers, stocking shelves, and driving the truck for supply runs to Spokane.

This was the year Chuck build a new store at the NE corner of Crawford and Main (Now the NAPA store). Construction was nearing completion, and he decided that the ideal time to move would be between the holidays; since it was typically a slow period and we could start out the new year in the new store.

We were happily getting into the move when the weather took a decided turn colder. Since the stores were only one block

apart, a lot of the moving of inventory was done by loading goods into shopping carts and pushing them down the street. All hands were on deck and busy. A light snow accompanied the beginning of the move, but not enough to be a big problem.

In the following days it would get more interesting. The temp started falling and soon plunged through the zero mark and kept going down. Pushing carts now became speedy to avoid freezing everything while on the way.

The lows through the week were minus 15° Fahrenheit on December 28<sup>th</sup>, minus 21° on the 29<sup>th</sup>, and minus 25° on the 30<sup>th</sup> — these figures being for Nine Mile Falls since Deer Park didn't have consistent records at that time, and Spokane always seemed a few degrees warmer. My personal recollection is that the low I saw on my thermometer in Deer Park on the coldest day was minus 28 degrees.

On one of those days, I got out of the cart-pushing brigade by being assigned to take the truck to Spokane and get our order of meat to stock the new butcher shop. This order con-

Illustration from "The Telephone Review," February, 1914.



### *A Growing Archive.*

*As assured in our mission statement, the Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society is "dedicated to the preservation of the history of our community," and specifically "to the art of making this common heritage accessible to the public." Our publications, both print and online, are currently the primary manifestation of that part of our mission. All prior editions of our newsletter — the Mortarboard — are available online without charge. All prior editions of the Mortarboard are also available as bound editions in a print-on-demand format for a small donation — said donation intended to cover our print cost. We also have four volumes of earlier archival material in a print-only set titled "The Reports." For further information on our print titles, contact anyone in the "Society Contacts" box found on the last numbered page of this issue.*

— the Editor

**Free — Take One**

*The C/DPHS meets at 9 a.m. every second Saturday of the month. Join us at the Clayton Drive-In, Clayton, Washington.*

*Visit our website at <http://www.cdphs.org>*

sisted mainly of full sides or quarters of fresh beef and pork, along with boxes of fresh whole chickens on ice. The truck was a one ton flatbed with stake sides. The meat was to be hauled stacked in the open bed. I picked up the order and covered the meat with several layers of canvas tarps and moving-blankets. I tied it all down and headed for Deer Park.

The daytime temp was well below zero. I wanted to make a fast trip to minimize freezing. All went according to plan until I arrived at the store. I pulled up to the back loading door and started to uncover the load. I soon discovered that much of the outer layer

of meat was frozen together, and considerable time was required to pry each item loose from the pile and haul it inside.

With help from the store's moving crew we were slowly making progress. But it was getting cold inside since we had the door propped open. About the time we were half unloaded, bottles of soda pop and other liquids that were stacked by the case in the storeroom started popping. We had a choice. Close the door and let the room warm up again, or just go as fast as we could.

If we closed up and waited, the meat on the truck would probably continue freezing

*A view of the new Yoke's store, northeast corner of Main and Crawford, downtown Deer Park — January, 1969.*

*"Printing on the photo's border indicates it was processed in February of 1969. A close examination shows customers, so the store was open when the picture was taken. Due to the minimal snow, I would put the date as shortly after New Year's Day, 1969. To me the look of the sky and lack of outdoor activity just says cold." — R. Hodges*



together. And if we kept going, the soda pop would continue to pop. Based on the idea that the meat was more important than the pop, we continued.

The popping grew more frequent, so we tried to work faster. Sounds of glass breaking came from farther away as the cold penetrated deeper into the room. In those days almost everything was in glass bottles, and a lot of that everything was now running across the floor.

Finally we were done unloading and the door was closed. By that time there was a regular flood across the floor, with shards of glass everywhere. After a short break to warm up, we had a giant cleanup to do.

By New Years day the move was mostly complete and the temperatures had returned to a more normal range. Along with the relative warmth came the snow. It began slowly, but continued most days through January.

When I got home from the Navy I had some money saved and I went out and bought a brand new 1969 VW Beetle. Be-

cause at that time license fees were based on the calendar year, I had delayed delivery until the first week of January. The day I went to Spokane to pick it up, it was snowing. Sprague Avenue was about 6 inches deep with new snow when I headed home. I was very nervous about damaging my new car, so it was a slow trip with much sliding and slipping as I got used to the VW bug's light front end and lack of steering.

The snow continued through January, and by early February there were 44 inches on the ground at the airport in Spokane. I don't know how much we received in Deer Park, but it was deep. All the streets had huge berms of snow along the sides, and you couldn't see the cars go by. People started tying cloth or streamers to their radio antennae to be seen at the intersections.

My new VW bug did just fine driving back and forth to classes in Spokane, and I had a great time with it in the snow.

It was a winter to remember.

— end —

## *H. B. Stewart*

### *Clayton Farmer & Teacher*

by

*Chuck Stewart & Susan Rumble*  
*(All images from the Stewart family collection.)*

Our grandfather, Horace Burton Stewart, brought his family from the Midwest to Clayton in 1919 and became a leading citizen here. His great-grandfather, Robert Stewart, a weaver and school teacher, was born in Ireland about 1765. He emigrated to Pennsylvania with his wife, Margaret, in 1797, where his son James, Horace's grandfather, was born the same year. In 1815 the family moved to a farm near Enon Valley — 46 miles northwest of Pittsburgh and 22 miles southeast of

Youngstown, close to the Ohio border. There, James' son, Samuel, was born in 1827, and Samuel's son, Horace Burton Stewart, in 1867. The next year Horace moved with his parents, two brothers, Charles Elmer and William Anson, and a sister, Nancy Sarepta, to a farm near the town of Atlantic in southwestern Iowa.

After growing up on the Iowa farm, H. B., as he later preferred to be called, attended "Western Normal College and Shenandoah





**Horace Burton Stewart,**  
*while college student — 1890s.*



**H. B. loading hay on the Clayton farm, 1920s.**

*Commercial Institute*” in Shenandoah, Iowa, about 60 miles south of Atlantic, where he received a Bachelor of Didactics (i.e. the science of teaching) degree in 1891. He then went to the University of Nebraska at Lincoln, working railroad construction in the summers, graduating with a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1898. His first teaching job was in Atkinson, Nebraska, but he soon left there to become principal of the school in Bradshaw, Nebraska. There he met his future wife, our grandmother, Emma Alice Schneringer (born 1881), who was also a teacher there. They were married in Bradshaw on December 25, 1904. The next year they relocated to take teaching positions at Siloam Springs, Arkansas, where their first child, Isabel, was born on Christmas Day in 1906.

Though trained as a teacher, H. B. had a love for agriculture, and tried to follow both vocations. Accordingly, the family left

Siloam Springs for Wyoming in 1907 and bought a 60-acre bottom-land farm on Sage Creek a few miles south of Cody to take up farming full time. Our father, Charles Burton Stewart, was born there in 1908, with two sisters, Dorothy and Helen, following in 1910 and 1912. Dad remembered riding in a buckboard to attend one of Buffalo Bill Cody’s last Wild West shows. About 1916 they sold the Cody farm and moved to a half-section (320 acres) dry land homestead in the high plains of central Montana, north of the town of Malta. They now had five times the acreage, but it was really too dry to farm successfully, and the winters were brutal. The Amundsen Antarctic Expedition was in the news in 1910-12, and the good folk of Malta made a joke that went something like this: “*How do you stay comfortable in the Antarctic?*” Answer: “*Take off some of your Montana clothes.*”

By the end of the decade, Isabel was





*H. B. (second from left) and teachers at Clayton, 1920s.*

ready for high school, but there was none she could attend nearby. This, in addition to the extreme winters, hastened the decision to leave Montana. After some searching, the Stewarts finally moved to their permanent home on a quarter section a few miles northwest of Clayton on November 1, 1919.

H. B. and Emma began working the land soon after they arrived. They cut hay in the sub-irrigated southwest side that produced reliably lush crop, and cleared the 20-acre field on the east side in the early 1920s. By this time H. B. was in his mid-50s, and Emma

in her 40s.

The land clearing with a horse team, crosscut saw, axe, and pick and shovel, must have been hard labor indeed, even with some help from 11-year-old Burton, who still marveled at their effort 50 years later.

In September, 1920, maybe hoping for relief from farm labor, the Stewarts leased “all of the oil and gas in and under the land” to a Harold Collins for a “royalty of 10% of all the oil and gas saved from and produced on the premises” for 10 years. If no well was drilled within 18 months they were to get \$30 per year rental. No well was ever put in, and Dad said the company paid the rental in “worthless stock.” The full story of this fiasco is given in issue #46 of the C/DPHS’s *Mortarboard*. (See the “Further Reading” box below.)

H. B. developed heart trouble about this time, probably exacerbated by the hard labor of clearing the east field. Fortunately, he found less taxing and more reliable income as the principal and a teacher at the Clayton High School from 1920-23. He then became superintendent of the high school at Hanford, Washington. The family lived at Hanford during the school year, but returned to Clayton each summer for some limited farming. They would also travel to Twisp in the fall and work in the apple harvest. In 1927, at age 60, H. B. retired from Hanford and took up permanent residence at the farm.

In 1928, at age 76, H.B.’s older sister, Nancy Sarepta Stewart, left her home in Atlantic, Iowa, and moved to Deer Park, where she settled in a small house on B Street in back of the old high school. She died in 1933, and H. B., according to her wishes, took her body back to Iowa for burial. Her lot stayed in the family, and we used to make regular trips to Deer Park in the 1950s and 60s to keep the grass mowed.

**Further Reading:**

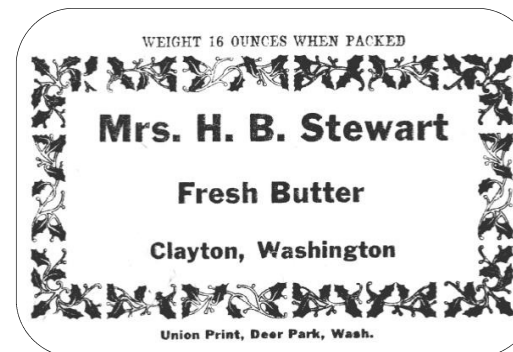
“The 1921 Oil Boom in the Clayton-Deer Park Area,” by Peter Coffin. *Mortarboard* #46, February, 2012 — page 565. *Collected Newsletters, Volume 12*. [http://www.cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter\\_46\\_downsizinginglepageweb.pdf](http://www.cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_46_downsizinginglepageweb.pdf)



*H. B. and Emma Stewart’s orchard and garden in the 1930s.*

The 1930 census shows working girls Isabel and Dorothy renting a place in Spokane. Isabel had a serious boyfriend who died sometime in the 30s. Heartbroken, she decided to leave the area and go stay with her Aunt

*Emma Stewart’s butter label.*



Gladys and Uncle Fred Schneringer (Emma’s brother) in Whittier, California, a suburb of Los Angeles. Dorothy and Helen soon followed their sister to the Golden State, married, and settled in Mill Valley (just north of San Francisco across the Golden Gate Bridge) leaving Burton, the only sibling at home, to care for their aging parents.

Though H. B. could not do heavy farm work, he was able to cultivate a large garden for which Dad engineered an irrigation system. Neighbor Lalia Williamson’s column in the Deer Park Union of August 3, 1939, says, “Using an old second-hand gasoline engine and the family pump, Burton Stewart has established a small but effective irrigating system with a capacity of from 250 to 300 gallons per hour which his father uses in irrigating a portion of the garden. It came in very handy during the present heat wave.” The one



-horsepower, one-cylinder engine was belted to a crank that pulled the pump handle up and down. Water from the pump spout ran to the garden via gravity flow.

In addition to gardening, H. B. and Emma fed the hay to some cows and, with somewhat unenthusiastic help from Burton, milked them by hand to produce milk, cream and butter that they sold locally to help get through the Great Depression. They also had an orchard with plum and cherry trees, plus a couple varieties of apples. We were still enjoying some of the fruit in the 1960s. We finally had to take the old trees out in the 80s because they were breeding bugs that preyed on the neighbor's working apple orchard.

H. B. died in 1940 at age 73, leaving Emma to run the farm. With her daughters now in California, son Charles B., "Burton," was the only one available to help out.

Charles was drafted in 1942 for a stint in the Army as an aircraft radio repairman stationed at Chico, California. After the war he returned to Clayton and married Linda Kelso, daughter of I. E. G. "Ed" and Harriet Kelso, in 1946. (See the "Further Reading" box

*below.*) Once again the old house became the Stewart family's home. Chuck was born in February 1947, and Susan came along in October 1949. Around this time, Emma began spending the winters in California with her daughters, while returning to the farm in the summers.

When Emma died in 1958, ownership of the H. B. Stewart place passed to their four children, though Burton was the only one actually residing there. In 1978 the surviving sisters quitclaimed their interest in the farm to him. At the same time he quitclaimed his share of Aunt Sarepta's lot in Deer Park to them, which they soon sold. When he died in 1995 the farm passed to us. By then the old buildings had deteriorated and we had them demolished and buried. We then subdivided the land into seven parcels and have thus far sold four of them, leaving about 65 acres of the original homestead, including the old home site, to honor the memory of H. B. Stewart.

— end —

#### Further Reading:

*"The Ed Kelso Family of Big Foot Valley," by C. Stewart.*

*Mortarboard #9, January, 2009 — page 104. Collected Newsletters, Volume 3.*  
[http://www.cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter\\_09\\_downsinglesinglepageweb.pdf](http://www.cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_09_downsinglesinglepageweb.pdf)

## Letters, Email, Bouquets & Brickbats

— or —

### Bits of Chatter, Trivia, & Notices — all strung together.

#### ... Doctor Snyder's clinic ...

On the first day of February, Deer Park resident April J. Arthur sent the following email message to the town's city hall.

"I live in the house at 327 E. B Street.

*I bought this old house 13 years ago. The neighbors say this was a clinic years ago. I would love to have information about this. Could you advise me where to look?"*

City employee and C/DPHS member Mike Reiter forwarded April's request to the

Photo courtesy of April J. Arthur.



**Dr. Glen Snyder's former clinic,  
now April J. Arthur's home, 327 E. B Street, Deer Park, Washington.**

historical society's online group of members and associates, along with the following explanatory note. "The folks currently living in Doc Snyder's old office at the corner of B and Stevens sent the following request to City Hall. I thought we might be better able to help. I don't know if anyone has photos, but I'm sure a lot have memories."

Regarding memories, that's without doubt true. As responses to April's request began arriving, she sent Mike Reiter the following. "Oh my! I am so pleased and grateful for this. I guess it is all true then, and would explain my attraction 13 years ago to the old, decaying place."

After relating a few of the problems involved in bringing the old house's structure back to a livable state, April recalled some very anxious moments when, "In the terrible wind storm that hit the area, the beautiful sky high old pines at the back of the property were literally torn out of the ground, landing across

the street and down the alley." Presumably she's referring to the winds clocked as high as 71 miles an hour that hit the area on November 17<sup>th</sup>, 2015.

April concluded, "I have worked hard on the lawn, and am amused by the amount of old bricks and rocks that are all over the place. I'm beginning to think in 1920 (the date the building was reportedly constructed), or prior, the whole area was one gigantic rock foundry."

Regarding the feedback she was receiving to her information request, April said, "I can never thank you (Mike Reiter, the society, and its associates) enough. I knew this little house was not ready to be torn down."

The arrival of the home's mid-century owners, Doctor Snyder and family, was announced in the October 25<sup>th</sup>, 1945, edition of the Deer Park Union. "Dr. Glen E. Snyder has rented office space in the Olson Estate building and will start practicing here as soon

**Glen E. Snyder, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon  
2nd Floor Olson Estate Bldg.  
Office Phone 971  
Office Hours: 1 to 5 p. m.  
except Thursdays

Above:  
Doctor Snyder's ad from the  
December 6, 1945 edition of  
the Deer Park Union

Below:  
Doctor Snyder's ad from the  
January 31, 1946 edition of  
the Deer Park Union.  
Note that a phone number for his  
residence has been added.

**Glen E. Snyder, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon  
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Telephone  
Office 971 Residence 1381  
Office Hours: 1 to 5 p. m.  
except Thursdays

as the office can be prepared. Dr. Snyder, who received his discharge from the army early this month, served nearly five years. He entered the army from the reserve corps in April, 1941, as first lieutenant. He served in this country until January, 1943, during which time he was promoted to captain, and later to major.

"Early in 1943 he was sent to the

South Pacific where he served as chief of the medical service of the 39<sup>th</sup> station hospital until he was returned to this country and discharged.

"Dr. Snyder is a graduate of the University of Iowa medical school and served his internship at St. Luke's Hospital in Spokane. He later practiced at Odessa, Wash., and at Grimes, Iowa.

"Three of Dr. and Mrs. Snyder's four children will make their home in Deer Park. Two of them, Marguerite and Glen Jr., will attend high school.

"The Snyders will make their home in the B. J. McKenzie house for the present."

Doctor Snyder's first professional services advertisement appeared in the November 29<sup>th</sup>, 1945, edition of the *Union*. As chance would have it, the *Union* printed the doctor's office phone number wrong, reversing the first two digits of the three-digit number. The error was corrected in the next week's ad.

The *Union* advertisements didn't list a home phone for the doctor until the January 31<sup>st</sup>, 1946, issue. That four-digit number, 1381, continued to appear in the doctor's *Union* ads until the 11<sup>th</sup> of October, 1951. That week, due to the boot-up of the city's new telephone exchange, his listed office number, along with his home number, changed to the same 6-2189. How much can be read into this is difficult to say. Doctor Snyder's notice as it appears in the *Union* was again changed on August 14<sup>th</sup>, 1952. After that date separate office and residence numbers again being displayed, the residence number being 6-2140.

All this taken into consideration, it's currently believed that the property at 327 East B Street — April Arthur's current home — was home to the Snyder family from shortly after their arrival in Deer Park, and remained such at least until the following news item appeared in the December 21<sup>st</sup>, 1950 edition of the *Deer Park Union*. "Dr. Glen Snyder plans to move his office (then located in downtown's Olson Estate building) to his home on the corner of Stevens and B Street about Dec. 28."

In response to the above clipping, April wrote, "I can't imagine a family living in this house while it was also a clinic."

Regarding that, we do have a working hypothesis. April Arthur's neighbors have told her that the ranch style home at 323 East B Street — right next door to her house — was built for Doctor Snyder in 1950. If that's correct, it's probable that Doctor Snyder had moved his family into the new house soon after completion. After that he moved his practice into the family's prior home. But as noted, as of now that's only a working hypothesis.

#### ... remembering Doctor Snyder ...

At some point this will hopefully get sorted out. In the meantime, April and the society have received a small number of replies to Mike Reiter's request for stories regarding Dr. Snyder and his practice.

Tom Gardner wrote to say, "Around 1947 I ran a ski pole into my right thigh. An abscess started and Dr. Snyder drained it for me. At that time his office was on the second floor (of Main Street's Olson Estate building), several (street level) doors down from the pharmacy on the corner."

I would think any number of people living in the area at that time would remember the long climb up those street access stairs leading up to the noted Main Street office. Your editor's elderly brain seems to have retained a flash or two of that dark and difficult passage, although my first definite recollection of Doctor Snyder — according to our current understanding of the timeline — must have occurred a few months after the clinic had moved to B Street.

It was probably the spring of 1951 — just after my sixth birthday. A field had been slashed out of the timber standing to the south of our Williams Valley farmhouse, and the stumps and other woody remains pushed into windrows for burning. After the fires did their work, we were out walking over the seemingly cooled ash beds, picking up bits of sticks and

such that hadn't thoroughly burned, then tossing them into new piles for re-burning.

Scanning the expanse of whitish-gray ash, I saw and grabbed the exposed tip of a bit of wood with my bare right hand. I pulled out a small piece of gnarled, well charred root, drew my arm back — intending to send it spinning into the nearest re-burn stack — when the blackened bit flipped from my fingers, disappearing beneath the ash.

It wasn't as if I didn't understand the possible consequences. The folks had warned how effective the ash we were walking on was at holding heat beneath. But that unthinking impulse got the better of me. So I stepped back and pushed my arm at least wrist deep into the relatively light and fluffy ash.

Back in 1951, the home remedy for painful burns was pretty much limited to keeping the air away — the most common household items on hand that could do that, butter, lard, and kerosene.

I remember sitting on the kitchen counter, next to the sink, my right hand immersed in a can of kerosene. Mom worked over my soot and tear streaked face with a damp washrag, while Dad made sure all the cattle gates were closed. When we headed out the door — my hand still in the kerosene bath — the old Chevy sedan was waiting with engine running.

Doctor Snyder used a wooden tongue blade to apply a thick layer of some kind of white cream to my entire hand, careful to work it completely between the fingers. He covered the hand with a gauze wrap.

I've no idea how many times we had to go back to his office. It seems the dressing was changed at least several times — each time with a new application of the cream. Since there's no scarring, whatever Doctor Snyder did appears to have worked.

Regarding the B Street clinic, Pete Coffin, the historical society's vice-president, wrote, "Dr. Snyder treated me for several fingers that Ralph Holiday broke while pitching to me (as the catcher) in grade school. Ralph had a wicked fast ball."

*“He also treated the cracked ribs I received during a basketball game at Chat-taroy, and for a fatigue fracture of my right leg acquired on the old Deer Park fairgrounds grandstand during high school track practice.*

*“As I recall, he had an x-ray machine in the southeast front bedroom (?) of the house.”*

Mortarboard contributor Ed Kingrey wrote to say, *“Doctor Snyder may have been the one who stapled a deep cut on my wrist. I still have the scar. I fell on the railroad track behind Groves’ store — on a broken bottle.*

*“I remember the home which served as the Doctor’s office. He was the only doctor in town, and I think I received inoculations from him while in high school, as well as exams related to high school sports.”*

Florene Eickmeyer Moore added, *“When I was five years old, Doctor Snyder took out my tonsils at his office/clinic. I woke up in a big bed — seemed like an ordinary adult’s bedroom. Then my parents took me home.”*

Regarding the clinic, Roxanne Zimmerer Camp recalls, *“I can still hear Dr. Snyder’s distinctive voice and remember Margaret Jens, his nurse. He also made house calls, and it always seemed the treatment then was an injection, my least favorite thing!*

*“Norman Berg, who lived in Deer Park for many years, took care of Dr. Snyder’s yard, and especially his rose garden.”*

And finally, the *Mortarboard’s* editor has one more of his own recollections — this one about losing a round with Doctor Snyder’s short-wave therapy device.

As best I can recall, the doctor’s office was in the north-west corner of his clinic — in the former kitchen. I believe his examination room was just to the east of the kitchen, visible through a door usually left open. Most of the time we never got to the exam room. While sitting in a wooden chair next to the doctor’s desk, we’d get the inevitable lancet poke to the finger, and his nurse, Margaret, would draw the blood up in a glass pipette

(with the assistance of a little suction applied by mouth). Using the microscope sitting on her desk, she’d do the standard blood count and so forth.

Doc would then go about his poking, prodding, and question asking. If something more invasive was required, it was off to the exam room.

I remember seeing a fancy bit of equipment sitting in the exam room that looked something like an enlarged headlight nacelle off a 1936 or so Dodge sedan. Set atop an adjustable pole-stand, this bit of electronic gimmickry was straight out of the mad-doctors suites seen in most every low budget horror movie ever made. It was intended for ultra-high frequency radio-wave treatments. At that time I think that was generally known as short-wave therapy (maybe some of the older elders in the group have a better recollection of the correct terminology). I believe the principle used was something similar to (if not exactly) that of the common kitchen microwave, though in this case overcooking could prove fatal. The objective was to heat the deeper tissues inside the body to relieve the pain of arthritis, muscle spasms, severe sinus infections (that may have been discontinued by then due to fear of inducing cataracts), and any malady that might benefit from the application of very deep subcutaneous heat.

At around age 14 or 15, being much impressed by late 1950s, early ‘60 muscleman Steve Reeves (movie credits, Hercules and Hercules Unchained), and more importantly the barely clad women often seen hanging off Reeves’s massive biceps anytime he wasn’t ripping some cinematic opponent apart with his bare hands, I managed to procure a set of barbells. One exercise involved holding the weighted bar across my shoulders, just behind the neck, and bowing deeply and repeatedly from the waist. I woke one morning after this routine to find the entire right side of my neck had collected into one massive and very painful knot. So, off to Dr. Snyder’s we went.

Back then — and still to a great de-

gree today — if you told your doctor something hurt, he would determine the degree of your pain by finding the offending area and observing your reaction as he prodded it. My sincerity demonstrated by said assessment, Doctor Snyder recommended a short-wave treatment to help relax the spasm.

I’m sitting on a stool, the short-wave machine is aimed at the right side of my neck, a timer is set, the buzzing begins, and Doctor Snyder steps through the door into the kitchen/office/lab to talk to my folks.

Maybe twenty seconds after the machine begins humming, the voices from the office started getting further and further away. I’m looking down at the floor with a growing suspicion I’ll be on it in just a few more seconds. I’m trying to talk, but I can’t seem to form any words. What does come out is a garbled whisper. At about the point where I’d stopped caring about staying upright, someone caught me. As for what went wrong, we don’t know.

After my eventual recovery, I decided bodybuilding was just something else in a growing list of things best left to others.

Doubtless there’s a wealth of other stories about Doctor Snyder, about his concern for those under his care, about his plain speaking approach to the medical arts; one example being this final incident — occurring sometime in the early 1960s, I think.

For many years my dad, Owen Lee Parker, worked the pond at Deer Park’s sawmill. Logs in the millpond were impounded within floating booms made out of logs lined up end to end and then spiked together along a cable. The logs captured within these makeshift booms would be drawn closer to the mill’s sorting docks. Once there the worker could spike the logs with their pike-poles, sort through them, and push the selected ones toward the toothed chain drawing the logs up into the sawmill.

The noted *“drawing closer”* was accomplished by slowly winding one end of the boom’s cable onto the drum of a large, hand-cranked winch.

As best I can recall, that winch was mounted in a metal boat — allowing it to be moved and moored from location to location around the edge of the pond.

One afternoon dad was cranking away when he managed to get the trigger finger of his right hand caught between the winch’s take-up drum and the incoming cable. There wasn’t much to do at that point except yell for help.

The finger was badly crushed. A quick trip to Doctor Snyder’s office, and Doctor Snyder immediately sent my dad on to Spokane.

Dad’s big concern during all this was that the crushed digit was his trigger finger. If they had to take it off, how was he going to squeeze down on the trigger of his lever-action Marlin 32-40 — his deer rifle?

The Spokane doctor gave dad two options; remove the finger, or try to save it. Trying to save the finger would involve folding the finger onto the palm of his right hand and surgically attaching a blood supply from the palm into the finger to keep the finger alive while it healed. After that a series of surgeries would be needed to put everything back in order.

Dad asked Doctor Snyder for a second opinion. Doctor Snyder said the finger, if saved, was likely to be little more than a numb, inflexible nuisance. On top of that, it’d likely hurt like hell in cold weather. In essence, the opinion Doctor Snyder offered dad was something along the lines of, *“If it were my hand, I’d worry about the three good fingers I still have, and have the surgeon cut the useless one back far enough to get it out of the way of the others.”*

As for dad’s hunting, Doc told him the next finger down would work just fine for pulling a trigger — which it most certainly did.

At this point the historical society has very little biographical information on Doctor Snyder and his family. We do know that Doctor Snyder was born on April 15<sup>th</sup>, 1898 — the location of his birth currently unknown. We



believe he passed away on the 1<sup>st</sup> of February, 1981. He's interred at Deer Park's Woodland Cemetery. His wife, Daisy, was born on November 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1901, and died on the 1<sup>st</sup> of July, 1976. It's likely a lot more data could be pulled from back issues of the Deer Park Union and Tri-County Tribune, as well as other sources. It's just a matter of access and time — both of which are currently in short supply.

Anyone having personal recollections or biographical data on Doctor Snyder and his family are requested to forward such to the society — for publication in our newsletter, and preservation in our archive.

... other early physicians ...

We've placed Doctor Elmer Henry Cutts, his wife Alice Florence Tyler (Cutts), and their three children, Laura, Beatrice, and Elmer, as living in or near Deer Park as of the fall of 1914. An article in the August, 2014, issue (#76) of the *Mortarboard* titled "The First Known Deer Park High School Annual" noted that Mrs. Alice T. Cutts was teaching "Latin, Algebra, and Commercial Work" at the local high school. Her photo appears on page 925 of that issue.

Background data for the couple was drawn from a book titled *Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont; 1800 — 1915*. Both the doctor and his wife were listed as 1896 Bachelor of Arts graduates of the Vermont school. They married in the summer of 1897, and were listed in the catalog as living in "Deer Park, Wash." as of 1914 — having previously resided in Illinois (1899—1903), Oklahoma (1903—1904), and Colorado (1904—1914).

The doctor was a 1899 graduate of Chicago's Hahnemann Medical College. Whether he opened an active practice after arriving in Deer Park, we currently don't know.

Polk's Medical Registry for 1910 lists three physicians serving Deer Park at that time; Bernard E. McCoy, W. M Newman, and Henry Herbert Slater.

Perhaps the most interesting bit of data we have so far for Doctor McCoy comes from the December 14<sup>th</sup>, 1907 edition of the *Colville Examiner*. The Examiner stated, "Victor Carlson is in a precarious condition as a result of falling from the morning south-bound train near Deer Park Monday." As the paper described, "Drs. McCoy and Slater of Deer Park examined his condition and pronounced it critical." Mr. Carlson was later taken to Spokane's Sacred Heart Hospital.

Data indicates that Bernard McCoy graduated from Barnes Medical College, St. Louis, Missouri, in 1905. A bio appearing in a book titled "Past and Present of Lucas and Wane Counties, Iowa," indicates that immediately before the book's 1913 date of publication Doctor McCoy was residing in Spokane. The doctor's 1960 *Spokesman-Review* obituary noted "Dr. McCoy had lived in Spokane over 50 years. Before that he was a resident of Chewelah, Wash., and Deer Park where he first practiced medicine." We currently don't know when he left Deer Park for a practice in Spokane.

Regarding W. M. Newman, we have a short biography from the 1921 edition of "The Alumni Record of the University of Illinois." It records that Doctor William Manning Newman graduated from that university's College of Medicine in 1901. Newman, born at Adolphustown, Ontario, Canada, in 1871, attended schools in Canada until emigrating to Chicago. Immediately after graduation he entered "practice" in "Deer Park, Wash." It appears his next post, beginning in 1912, was that of emergency surgeon in Spokane.

The society's background information concerning the last Deer Park physician named in 1910's *Polk's Medical Registry*, Doctor Henry Herbert Slater, is actually fairly extensive. The society has published a large number of references and several fairly extensive articles. Links to two of those articles are provided at the end of this article.

There are several other early doctors the society is actively pursuing, among them Deer Park's Edwin R. Tiffin, E. A. Way, G.

W. H. Moore, and W. J. Kress. We're also after details regarding Clayton's Dr. Howard Welker Searight. We currently have a smattering of data on several of these gentlemen — most notably Dr. Searight. Any additional

facts gathered will be noted in future editions of the *Mortarboards*.

— Wally Lee Parker —

Further Reading Regarding Dr. Slater:

"I Remember," by Harold Angus Slater.

*Mortarboard* #28, August, 2010, page 349 — *Collected Newsletters, Volume 8*.  
([http://www.cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter\\_28\\_downsinglesizepageweb.pdf](http://www.cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_28_downsinglesizepageweb.pdf))

"Deer Park's First Auto" — reprint from the March 30, 1922, *Deer Park Union*.  
*Mortarboard* #42, October, 2011, page 523 — *Collected Newsletters, Volume 11*.  
([http://www.cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter\\_42\\_downsinglesizepageweb.pdf](http://www.cdphs.org/uploads/3/4/2/0/34204235/newsletter_42_downsinglesizepageweb.pdf))

Minutes of the  
Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society  
— February 11, 2017 —

In attendance: Bill Sebright, Pat Parker, Wally Parker, Don Ball, Sue Rehms, Mark Wagner, Marie Morrill, Peter Coffin, Judy Coffin, Lorraine Nord, Marilyn Reilly, Betty Burdette, and Mary Jo Reiter.

Society President Bill Sebright called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM. He reported that: 1) He has received Deer Park Elementary group pictures from Kim Lucas, Gloria Hartley, and Marilyn Reilly. They have been scanned and as many names included as known. Marilyn's class pictures were passed around for members to add or correct names.

Society Treasurer Mark Wagner reported the main checking account ended the month at \$7,036.16. There were deposits of \$340.00. One check was written to Liberty Mutual Insurance for \$250.00 and one to Wally Parker for supplies, \$115.92. The web hosting account ended the month at \$777.60, with a withdrawal of \$10.95 for web hosting.

Society Vice President Pete Coffin

reported: I scanned Mary Jo Reiter's grade school class pictures and gave them back to Mike Reiter along with a digital disk with them on it.

Print editor Wally Parker reported: 1) One hundred and ten copies of the February *Mortarboard* (#106) have been printed for distribution, and the online version has been submitted for posting. This sixteen page issue contains a photo essay titled "Winter Scenes: An Artifact from the Arcadia." The article discusses a photo brochure published by the Arcadia Orchards Company in the first few months of 1911. 2) Ongoing problems with printing cover-cardstock have again delayed the publication of the next *Collected Newsletters*. The editor expects those issues to be resolved shortly. 3) Upcoming issues of the *Mortarboard* are expected to include features regarding (a) the late December, 1968, move of Deer Park's Yoke's grocery from its East Crawford location to a brand new building at

Deer Park Locations Currently Carrying Print Copies of the Mortarboard:  
City Library, City Hall, Gardenspot Market, Standen Insurance, & Odynski's Accounting.



the intersection of Main and Crawford, (b) the story of former Clayton High School instructor Horace Burton Stewart's life in that community, (c) some deep background on the Deer Park property currently occupied by Sculley's Automotive — the former Deer Park Motors Company garage, (d) and a workup on Doctor Glen Snyder's historic Deer Park clinic at 327 East B Street.

Webmaster Marie Morrill reported: *“Wally sen me the Mortarboards for January and February. They should be just fine but for some reason they will not upload onto the page. I do not think it is the size of the files because I have uploaded the same sizes previously. I have spent 3 hours trying to get them on and then texting with 2 different techs. I have a ticket number and someone more technical is supposed to get back to me. I will try again when fewer people are on the internet.”*

Mary Jo Reiter brought a studio portrait of Port Young and a picture of Young and Omer Keith in front of Young's Store on Main Street in Deer Park. She also brought an 8 page promotional pamphlet for Deer Park printed probably in the 1940s.

Marilyn Reilly brought 2 pictures of

Orcutt's grocery when Cliff Moll owned it. Verla Moll loaned them to Marilyn. There was also a picture of the service station we believe was owned by Ben Renner and Tuffy Luhr.

Betty Burdette reported that the Settlers' fund raising dinner and auction will be Saturday, March 4. The dinner starts at 5 PM, and the auction will follow about 6:15 PM.

The first Brickyard Day planning meeting was postponed because of weather. It will be February 15, 6 PM at the Real Estate Market Place in Deer Park.

Mike Reiter is sick and couldn't make it to the meeting, but reported by email that Alexander Pope called to say that according to the Mayflower society, the Hopkins did not come over on the Mayflower as he had believed.

Next meeting: Saturday, March 11, 2017, at 9 AM at the Clayton Drive-In.

Meeting adjourned at 9:34 AM.

The Society meeting minutes were submitted by Mark Wagner, acting Secretary.

———— end ————

Volunteer proofreaders for this issue: Betty Deuber, Rick Hodges, Bill Sebrigh, Chuck Stewart, and Lina Swain.

### Society Contacts

We encourage anyone with observations, concerns, corrections, or divergent opinions regarding the contents of these newsletters to write the society or contact one or more of the individuals listed below. Resultant conversations can remain confidential if so desired.

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### Editorial and Copyright Policy

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———— C/DPHS ————

From “The Coast” magazine,  
April, 1907



### See Yourself in Print.

*The Clayton/Deer Park Historical Society's department of Print Publications is always looking for original writings, classic photos, properly aged documents and the like that may be of interest to our readers. These materials should be rooted within, though not limited to, northern Spokane County, southeastern Stevens County, and southern Pend Oreille County. As for types of materials, family or personal remembrances are always considered. Articles of general historical interest — including pieces on natural history, archeology, geology and such — are likely to prove useful. In other words, we are always searching for things that will increase our readers' understanding and appreciation of this region's past. As for historical perspective; to us history begins whenever the past is dusty enough to have become noteworthy — which is always open to interpretation. From there it extends back as deep as we can see, can research, or even speculate upon.*

*Copyright considerations for any materials submitted are stated in the “Editorial and Copyright Policy” dialog box found on page 1,452 of this issue. For any clarifications regarding said policy, or any discussions of possible story ideas or the appropriateness of certain types of material and so on, please contact the editor via the email address supplied on the same page.*

———— the editor ————

*A print copy of this issue of the Mortarboard  
is or soon will be  
available in booklet format.*

*Ask about  
“Collected Newsletters: Volume Thirty.”*